

I Will Sing No Requiem by [midas_touch_of_angst](#)

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Characters: Beverly Marsh, Maxine "Max" Mayfield

Relationships: (that last one's more implied but it's still there), Al Marsh & Beverly Marsh, Beverly Marsh & Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Billy Hargrove & Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair

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Summary:

[One-Shot] It's 1990, Max feels a bit guilty over some grief that she doesn't feel, so she runs off to think in her old spot. But she finds another troubled redhead there.

Rated Teen and Up for cursing.

I Will Sing No Requiem

Author's Note:

Yeah I was kinda bored so I cranked this out. Inspired (and titled after) the Dear Evan Hansen song "Requiem".

Max walked up behind the other redhead, and said, "You know, this is *my* moping spot."

The girl whipped around, jumping up and glaring her down, raising a fist just in case. Max backed up a little, and then smiled, laughing it off and saying, "I'm not gonna fight you. Just letting you know that you're not gonna have any privacy, even here."

The girl gave her a dark glare, said, "Fuckin' great," and turned back around, raising a cigarette to her lips.

Max moved to sit beside her, staring downward. They were at the top of a small, abandoned building, watching cars rush by below. The building had been closed as long as Max could remember, and she was relieved upon her return to find that the city was still too lazy to rip it down. It had been her hideout whenever she was pissed at her parents or at the dumb kids at school or the dumber teachers or, much later, her Mom's new husband and her asshole stepbrother. And, well, you could say that she was pissed at her stepbrother right now.

"What's your name?" she asked, watching the girl light the cigarette.

The girl waited a little longer, considering and staring at the stars, before saying, "Bev."

"I'm Max." After another minute, she asked, "Aren't you a little young to be smoking?"

"Aren't you a little old to be moping on the top of a building?"

"You're never too old for that." Max quipped, crossing her legs and staring down at the ground. "You know, you could fall."

“Have you ever fallen from here?”

“No, but I’m pretty careful. You’re smoking at the ripe old age of eight, meaning I’m not entirely that confident in your caution.”

“I’m fourteen.” Bev said, shooting her a glare. “And you’re- what? Twenty-three?”

“Almost Nineteen.”

“Shouldn’t you be in College now, then?”

“Going next year. My boyfriend and I are taking a road trip first. Wanna see the country. Stopped here to visit my Dad.”

“Good for you.” Bev sounded so bitter at this, glaring daggers at the ground so that she didn’t have to look at Max. She seemed not to like adults that much- or maybe it was just Max.

As Bev took another quick smoke, Max asked, “So, what are you doing up here?”

Bev hesitated, and around that moment, Max noticed a backpack next to the girl, looking old and full to almost the breaking point.

“Running away?” she asked.

Bev sighed. “Look, if you’re gonna try and turn me into the cops, I’ll throw you off this fucking roof.”

“No need for that.” Max said. “I tried running away a couple times. Made it pretty far once. How long have you been out?”

“Just two months.” Bev seemed a little surprised at Max’s nonchalance.

“And why’d you run?”

Bev slowly dropped the cigarette, watching it fall to the ground. Once it hit, she said, “I don’t know.”

“Had a bad home life?”

“Used to. My Aunt was nice enough, though. But while I was there I... I just felt *off*. Like there was somewhere I was supposed to be, people I was supposed to be with. But I had no idea where or who, and while I was with her some kids from my old place kept writing to me as if they knew me, but I swear to God I’d never heard of them. It was probably a prank, they were probably trying to get me to confess to fucking someone so they could show off to the other kids at school.”

Max stared at her. “Fucking someone? You’re fourteen.” Did kids screw around that young?

“Tell Gretta Keene that.” Bev sighed. “Anyway, my Aunt was away for the weekend, and I was watching TV and some dumb kids show came on and I just felt really... suffocated. Like I couldn’t breathe. So I threw some shit in a backpack and took off. I’m only in town for a bit, and then I’m running again. Can’t stay in one place too long, you know?”

“You think you can take care of yourself?” Max asked, trying not to sound like a worried adult. That definitely wouldn’t make the kid like her, but she didn’t exactly want to encourage this shit. The streets were a dangerous place for a teen girl to be.

“I know I can.” Bev said, reaching into the pocket of her bag, pulling out another cigarette.

They were quiet for a bit, as Bev lit her cigarette and Max turned to stare at the street again. After a moment, Bev said, “Why are you here? Boyfriend drama?”

Max shook her head. “He’s too sweet for his own good.”

“Then why are *you* moping on the roof?”

“It’s complicated.”

“So’s my entire life. Go ahead.”

Max sighed. “My... my stepbrother died. We found out last week.”

After a minute, Bev said, “Uh, sorry?”

“Don’t be.” Max said instantly, and then she groaned. “See? See, that’s the fucking problem.”

“What is?”

“I’m *not* sorry.” Max said.

They were quiet for another minute, as Bev continued to smoke and Max tried to gather her thoughts into words. Finally, Max said, “He... he was in a car accident or some shit. And Mom was crying when she called me, really upset. Don’t know about my Stepdad, but I’m sure he’s not *happy*. But... I’m *not* sad. I should be, I should be sad that my fucking brother’s dead, but I’m not.”

Max gripped the edge of the roof, starting to rant. “He was an asshole. He was always sweet around every adult and even around Mom, but usually when we were alone, he’d take out all of his anger on my stuff or... or on me. He’d wait til I rolled my eyes at him, or said something sarcastic, or sat in the wrong spot on the couch, and then... he timed it, you know? Timed it so I’d think it was my fault. To try and make me walk on eggshells around him. And when we had an *argument*...”

She shut her eyes and shook her head, and then added, “It got dangerous at points. He almost killed some of my friends a couple times. That’s when I stopped him. Told him I’d knock his balls off if he tried it again. And he stopped for a while. But... not forever.

“Anyway, he eventually went to College. Got a Basketball Scholarship. Never came back to visit. My Stepdad was so pissed. So pissed. But I was so happy. I wouldn’t have to be his punching bag anymore.

“But every time my parents brought him up, every time my skateboard broke or something snapped, I’d think about him. I’d think he’d come back. One time Lucas came to school with a bruise-fell of his bike, I think- and I thought for a solid minute that Billy’d come back for him. To punish him for daring to like me.

“So when I heard he wouldn’t come back for me? I was... I was relieved, and I shouldn’t be. I shouldn’t be, because he’s my brother.

And he wasn't all bad- helped me with homework sometimes, even let me onto the basketball court once to show me how to throw a ball. But that just made everything worse, you know? Cause it meant I didn't know when he'd snap."

Max was starting to regret opening up. She'd just spilled all her problems on this kid who had enough shit to deal with. However, as she moved to go, she heard Bev say, "I get it."

Max turned back to her, and Bev continued talking as she stared down at the road. "I get it. That's what it was like with my Dad... sort of. There were a lot of nice moments, but... a lot more bad ones."

Bev didn't elaborate, and Max didn't ask her to. All Bev said was, "And I get it. Feeling guilty that you're not sad."

They turned to look at each other, and after a second, Bev pulled another cigarette from her bag, passing it to Max and then offering her lighter. "To the assholes we're not gonna miss." she said.

Max smiled at her, and lit it. "To the girls who're gonna be amazing, just to spite them."

"Yeah." Bev said, raising her own cigarette as if it were a glass. "Fuck you, Dad!"

"Fuck you, Billy!" Max cheered.

The two girls sat on the roof for a bit longer, not saying anything else. After this, Max would go back to her Dad's place, climbing in the window and falling asleep. She'd wake up early the next day, hug her Dad goodbye, and then leave with her boyfriend to their next destination. Bev would sleep in the same abandoned building, and wake up the next day, the conversation still on her mind, and she'd realize that she couldn't very well succeed in her goals without completing school. She'd take the bus back to her Aunt, who'd greet her with hugs and tears, and then she'd grab her books and head back to school as if nothing had happened. She'd come back to find more letters from those odd kids in Maine, and after a second, she'd shove them into a box under her bed; they'd be unread, at least for a

long time, but for some reason, she didn't want to get rid of them.

But for now, the two redheads just sat on the roof, smoking and watching the cars.

It was a new decade, and a new start for them both.